

A
 REVIEW
 OF THE
 STATE
 OF THE
 BRITISH NATION.

Thursday, February 9. 1710.

IN farther examining the Advantages, which will come, by Detecting and Exposing the Absurdities and Shams, of the late Doctrine of Passive-Obedience, and Non-Resistance—And more especially the Fury and Rage of the Party, that push those things; it seem'd very natural to observe to some People, that perhaps want such an Observation, that from hence any body may see the Reason and Necessity, of the late Union of *Britain*; a thing every Body has not enquired into.

I know innumerable Reasons are given, why the *English* Nation, was so willing to have the Union; and so much more willing to have it now, than formerly; for it was apparent, *Scotland* was more forward for the Union before, than *England*.

Some will have it, that it was for Fear of the *Scots*, going over to the *French* Interest—A vile Suggestion, fit only for such, as either hated *Scotland*, or were entirely Ignorant, of the People and Interest of that Country.

Some will have it, That it was Apprehensions of the Act of Security there, and of the *Scots* setting up for a separate Kingdom, upon the Foot of that Vote, (*Viz.*) That the King of *Scotland*, should not be the same that should be King of *England*, &c.

Some will have it, That *England* was to gain great Advantages in the Treaty, and should make Terms very much, at that

that Justice, to the Prejudice of
Scotland.

*Cum multis assis, qu nunc prescri-
bere longum est.*

But shall I lay down a true Fundamental, Just and Reasonable View, upon which the necessity of the Union appeared in either Nation; and on which View, every Honest Man in either Nation, ought to have desired the Union, as far as it could consist with Constitution and Fundamental Right. — And this was the Safety of her Majesty's Person.

I will not say, this alone made the Court, the Parliament, and the People of England, so forward for it — But I will say, it did so, they did but their Duty, and shew'd their Concern, for the Safety of the best QUEEN that ever Governed Us.

I shall explain my self.

The settling the Protestant Succession, was the great thing, for which the Union was made; and so settle which, the Union was first thought of as the only Expedient. — And in the Protestant Succession, the Safety of the QUEEN's Person is entirely wrapt up. — Her Majesty has the same Bloody Assassinating Party to deal with, that King William had — while the Succession was unsettled. the QUEEN, as all Kings and Queens are, being but Tenant for Life to the Crown; that Party had nothing to do, but to make her Lease as short as they could — and then they bid fair to be next-Oars. — A Dagger, or a Ball, or a Dose of Poison, had then put an end to all our Joy; and we had been overwhelmed in Blood, when ever God for our Correction had permitted any such Villany to take place; a thing indeed I cannot speak without Horror — But still this had been our Case.

But now the Succession is secured, the QUEEN's Person is in no Hazard; the Villany now is not worth their while, for all is secured; the Persons on whom the Crown is entand are alive, and in being, and must be immediately put in Possession. &c. And so the Party have no Advantage by an Act of Villany, or Violence upon the QUEEN; and therefore those Acts, which

direct the appointing Lords Justices, and the Methods of proclaiming a Successor, in Case of the Demise of the QUEEN, are called Acts for the Safety of her Majesty's Person, and Acts to Extinguish the Hopes, &c. of the Pretender. — And the Titles are very significant, and comprehensive; for really till these things, and till the Union, her Majesty's Person was in no manner of Safety, other than that of Divine Protection; which tho' it is to be trusted to, is always to be trusted to in the use of Prudent and Lawful means.

I hope this will be allowed to be a sufficient Reason, why any British Subject should desire the Union — And I make no question, but it is the main Reason, why a great many do not like it — of which by it self. But to examine the Necessity of it on this Account, is just to tell the other Gentlemen a Truth, they do not care to hear, (*viz.*) That this is the Reason why the Union is such an Eye-sore to them, (*viz.*) That it secures the Succession, and denounces down the QUEEN's Title to the Crown, as lost and establish by this Compact, allowed by both Nations to be effectually secured, and by the Laws of the Land, alone and by them made SACRED.

This very thing makes the New Doctrine of the Hereditary Divine Right, not only Seditious, but Trayterous; and to Preach or Teach, that the QUEEN's Title at this time is Hereditarily by a Divine, Sacred, and Unalterable Succession, is Treason against the Constitution — and Impeaches the whole Nation of Rebellion, and Insurrection — 'Tis also Treason against the QUEEN's Person, as it would bring her Majesty into the same state of Danger and Insecurity, which she was in before the Union.

No wonder then the Parliament has taken Cognizance of this Matter. No wonder that Dr. Sacheverell is brought to Answer for it, and that upon owning his Crime, he is Impeached in Parliament. — It cannot be otherwise, this Man must be Prosecuted, and this way Censur'd, or the Constitution we stand on must fall. We Overthrow the Revolution, the Succession, the Union, and the QUEEN, if the Do-
ctrine

of uncondition'd Obedience, and of the Illegality of of Resistance, be received again amongst us.—In vain we have fought against *French* Tyranny; in vain we have thrown down *Jacobite* Tyranny. If we are to be subjected to a Race of Tyrants, when ever any such shall come to Reign over us.

The Gentlemen who are so Angry at the Prosecution of Dr. *Sacheverell*, have a great

many peculiar Mortifications, which ought to make them give over the Cause, and prompt them to Despair; and I wonder, I confess, since it is so eminently declared against by the whole Body of our Representatives, that the Eyes of People should not be a little opened; I shall endeavour to examine a little the remaining Cause of their Blindness, and see if it be possible to open their Eyes.

MISCELLANEA.

I Have often lamented in this malicious Age, the Mischief of Spreading false News; and tho' I confess, when a Nation are willing to be Deciev'd, they almost give *Monsieur* Title to Deceive them, *Si Populus vult Decipi, Decipiatur*. Yet, Wo to them by whom these Offences come.

There is a Gentleman, whom they call Mr. *Dyer*—I have no particular aim at his Person, I neither am acquainted with him, nor design him any Injury: Nor do I think it worth while to say this by way of Retaliation of many Insolencies received from him; he is a Person who has often receiv'd Personal Correction from Gentlemen that he has abus'd, and he knows very well how to take a Dish of Coffee in his Face, or a Cane upon his Surface, decently and like a Gentleman; and of that part of the Gentleman's Character, I need say no more.

This Gentleman writes a News Letter to most parts of England—and really 'tis worth notice, how nicely he manages his way of Information—viz. He does not so much write what his Readers should believe, as what they would believe.—Not what is *Fact*, but what will please them—and therefore, when a Friend of mine wrote to him to send him his Letter for a Coffee-House he had set up in a Countrey-Town, he wrote back to that Gentleman to send him Word what sort of People used his House, and he would send them such News as would fit them. This really is a most Excellent Satyr upon the present Times,

when People are not so much Solicitous to be told what is *True*, as what really they would have be *True*, or what *Clashes*, Grates or Pinches the Party they are against, be it true or no—And to this I'll tell you a Story, which I was an Ear witness to.

A Gentleman in the North, coming into a Coffee-House, sees a Man pleading himself with a Story in *Dyer's Letter*, which really every Body knew was not True—And turning to the Gentleman, he says to him—Why Sir, says he, where is the Jest of that Story, when you know it is not True?—It's no matter for that, says he; it is, damn'd Sharp upon the Whigs—Ay but, Sir, says he, *it is not True*. Again . . . him, says the Gentleman, I know *Dyer* cares not whether it be true or no, so it does but lash the Whigs—Neither do I.

Truly Gentlemen, this is the Humour of this Party; and Mr. *Dyer* humours them to a Tittle—For he will tell a Story in one Letter that has no Truth in it, and deny in his next Letter that he said it at all, tho' his last Letter be before your Face to prove it. And why does he do this? 'Tis not that Mr. *Dyer* delights in Lying; No, no, he may be a very honest Gentleman—but he writes such News as will fit the Company; he writes to suit the People he writes to; and he knows what you like, and as you like it, whether it be true or false, so he writes it, whether it be true or false—And certainly
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the Man, merely as a *New-Writer*, is in the right, for he Sells such Ware as will please his Customers—and if you will be pleas'd with Shams you must have them.

Thus he has sham'd you on with the glorious Appearance for Dr. *Sacheverell*, and how he was Huzz'd; what great Company he has kept, what principal People appear'd for him, &c. 'till he has drawn you all in to applaud the Man for a Martyr—and now he is forc'd to tell you of some-body taken up for Drinking his Health; and last he will be oblig'd to tell you what the House has done with him, to all your Mortification.

I remember a Passage of this Gentleman's, which I can give you an Account of, as a taste of his Conduct. Last Summer, I took Notice in one of these Papers—how People began to lessen and cry down the Victory we had over the *French*—which, be it that we lost more Men than they, was many ways a Victory, as has appeared since. This Gentleman, Mr. *Dyer*, speaking of it in one of his Letters, brings it in thus, *Success, as Marlbro' calls it*, and in some of his Letters, *Victory as Marlbro' calls it*. This I took Notice of also.

The Gentleman, angry at that *Review*, after some very scurrilous Language, takes the best Refuge in such Cases, denies positively that ever he wrote so—Now it must certainly be his prudentest Method, because there are not above nineteen Letters in twenty of his to be found, which have the words in them; and the twentieth that may be lost, had the Words, but cannot speak in the Grave: All the recourse he has left, and which I acknowledge I must submit to, is, that *Success as Marlbro' calls it*, and *Victory as Marlbro' calls it*, are not all one, or that *Victory* and *Success* are not Synonymous. These Things indeed, it may be in his reach to prove; but as for the Words, the Letter is on the File, in many an honest Man's Memory, and the Writing also is to be produced at demand.

But this is but a Passage, and I write it only to introduce some new Modern Falsities of a worse and more mischievous Nature, which are just now spread about by this *News Writer*, of which you shall have a farther Account in my next.

Lately publish'd,

LONDON's Medicinal-INFORMER. Containing, 1. A brief Enquiry into the antient State of the Praetices of Physick and Surgery in the World. 2. The present State of those Professions in London. 3. Quacks, rightly distinguish'd from other Practisers, characteriz'd, and chastiz'd. 4. The Venereal Disease in its Cause, Nature, Signs, Dangerous Effects; best, most cheap, easie, safe, and private Methods of Cure, truly represented; in order to prevent Peoples being Ruin'd, either by that Disease, or by unskilful Pretenders to its Cure. By a London Physician. LONDON: Printed and Sold by B. Bragg, at the Raven in Peter-Noether-Row. 1710. (Price 1 s.)



BARTLETT of Goodman's-Fields, whose Inventions for the Cure of Ruptures have gain'd So Universal Esteem, being Improv'd to so great a Nicety, that one of his Steel Spring Trusses of the largest Size, seldom Exceeds 4 ounces in Weight, and one of the smallest rarely exceeds a quarter of an Ounce, and are so well adapted to the shapes of human Bodies, that they are extraordinary easy even to New-born Infants, and Intirely keep up the Ruptures of what Bigness soever. Also divers Instruments to help the Weak and Crooked.

He is to be spoke with, the Forenoons every Day at his House, at the Golden Ball by the Ship Tavern in Prescot-Street in Goodmans Fields, London. And the Afternoons at the Golden Ball over against Cheapside-Conduit, near St. Pauls.

N. B. His Mother, the Widow of the said Mr. *Christopher Bartlett*, lives at his House in Goodman's-Fields, and is very skilful in the Business of her own Sex.